

Clachanton,

Maidens.

Ayrshire.

17/5/33.

Dear Eddie,

You must excuse me not replying to you before, but I've been having rather a bad spell of illness. And together with that and the shifting down here to live in the caravan, I've been too full of troubles to think of anything but myself.

The "Free Press" arrived, and I must congratulate you on your first issue, it is very attractive, I think.

You may be surprised when I tell you that I do not feel like contributing to it - I am very sorry that this should be - but I differ very much from the policy. I think it is too late in the day for the Labour Party to come out with a supposed fighting policy. It is all too late, and, frankly, in my opinion, I think the Socialist movement is beyond recovery till a good few years and a good few more ups and downs come to us. The trades unions have cut a sorry figure for years, and the parliamentary labour party have shown little or no courage. And so the workers have lost faith and hope and would, I fear, gladly support a Hitler. I do not blame the workers, I blame the "wait-and-see" leaders of the Labour Party. They are still waiting and seeing and too damned proud to associate themselves with any other branch of the movement to be of any use to the

masses. I can remember years ago fighting such men as Willie Adamson and Jimmy Cook in Fifeshire, seeing that they would never be of any use to the masses, and the whole of the labour leaders backed them up. These men are still unchanged, although they are a bit afraid now after what has happened in Germany, and it is more their fear than their courage that is making some of them speak so boldly now. But it is all too late, in my opinion. They have had since 1905 to marshall the workers of this country into a fighting force, and they failed miserably. What is trades unionism to day? Take the north of Ireland railway strike of recent months. A miserable failure, and not the workers to blame. The spirit was there, but the leaders had none. So, Eddie, please don't think I am an enemy of you. I am simply giving you my honest opinion. I could go more fully into the matter, but I'm really not in fettle for arguing much these days. I feel so sore about the great tragedy. I frankly have no faith in the official Labour Party, I can only see them leading the workers into a still deeper morass. But I fear the dictatorship will be on us before very long, and I wouldn't be surprized to see the Hendersons and the Clynes's on the side of the Hitlers. Old Arthur is striving hard to keep Capitalism safe. No, I can't see any signs of the progress that is needed. If the Communists and the I.L.P. and the Labour Party could unite in a revolutionary way, then ... But where's the hope? But let me know how you are getting along in other ways. How did you get on with the Russian editors. I'm still sending over stuff.

They, too, have got the wind up over Germany. And I have become a sort of political adviser to Dinamov, the editor of the Magazine of International Literature. He and I couldn't agree on the failure of the Communist Party in this country, but he is now.

I am still busy writing plays, but goggle-eyed looking for groups with the courage to play them. Still, I'm managing to knock a livelihood out of the game in one way and another, so can't grumble. My health is a greater concern to me lately than my bread and butter. This outdoor life, however, is agreeing better with me, and I feel fine to-day.

Any time you are in this vicinity be sure and call and have a cup of tea.

I hope you are well and in good spirits.

Yours ay,

Joe